

SPOT

10¢
APRIL

3 MAGAZINES
IN ONE

BENCHLEY TURNS BRUTE (page 8)...Movies' funny man does what he's always wanted to do—and gets paid for it.



8th WONDER OF THE WORLD (page 3)... Madison Square Garden, royal palace of the sport champions.



SHE PREFERS GORILLA TO SULTAN (page 18)... Joe Miller would gag at this but West Coast nightclubbers cheer when a giant ape woos and wins a curvaceous chorus maid.



SPOT'S PICTURE OF THE MONTH

|| Bette Davis, leaping from a plane instead of sand, and 17 needles landed ||
|| on location*, landed on cactus in in Bette. Exclusive SPOT photo. ||
*—In the motion picture "The Bride Came C. O. D."



VOL. I, NO. 8

FRED FELDKAMP—Editor
RAY STARK—Hollywood Editor

APRIL, 1941

Photographers

Photos exclusively for SPOT by A. Eriss on pages 16-17; by Bill Karsten on page 27; by Ralph Morris on pages 18-19; by Andre La Terza on pages 14-15; by Harry Frees on pages 24-25-26; by Hellman of P. P. C. on page 34; by Auerbach of F. P. G. on pages 28-29.

Hollywood photos by SPOT'S staff photographer, Charles Rhodes, on pages 20-21-30-31-32-33.

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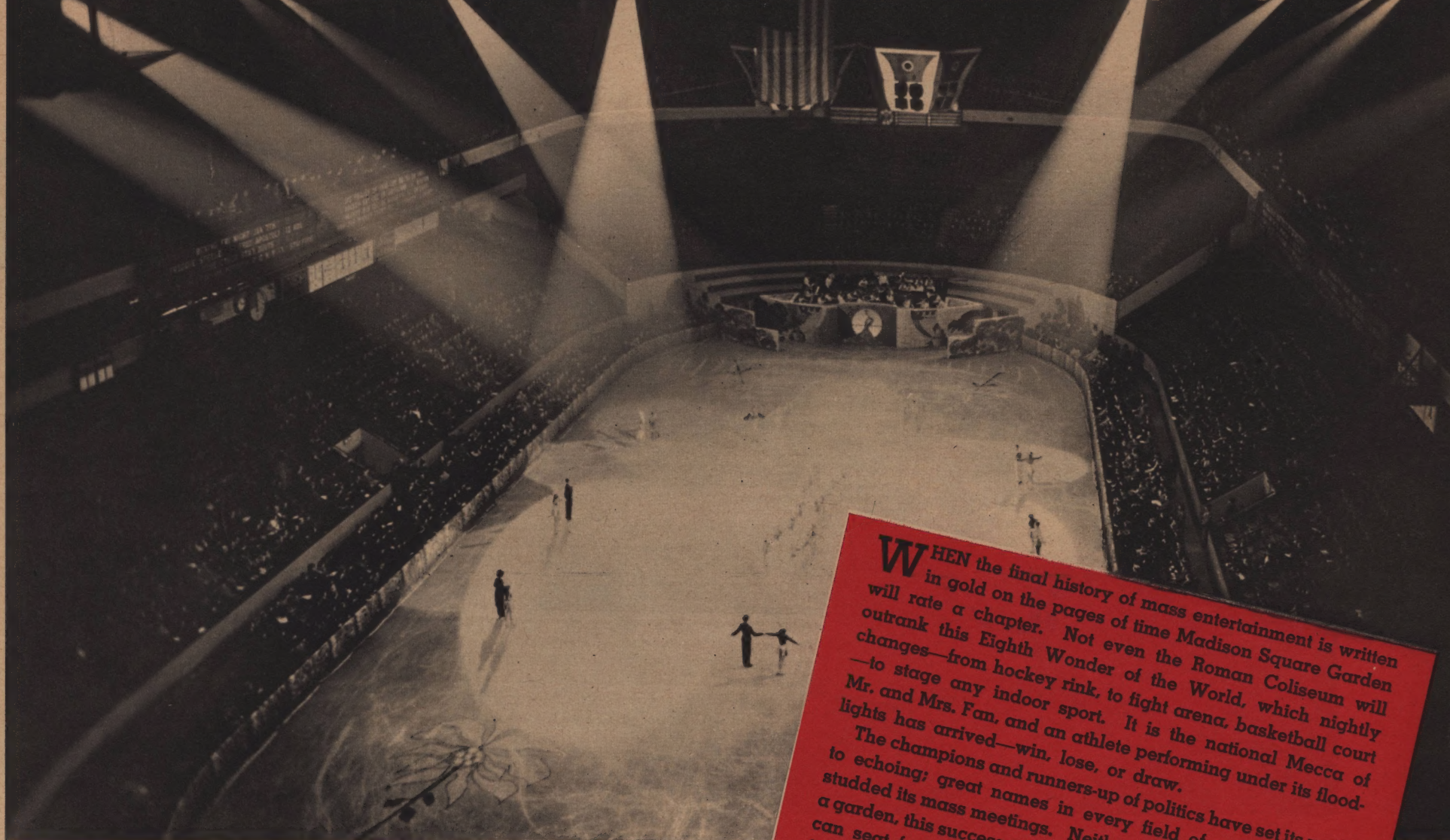
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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

America's No. 1 Arena Can Handle Anything



1—Among the most spectacular Garden attractions are the Ice Follies, above, and the Henie show, which lure hundreds of thousands of dollars into the box office.



2—At the National Horse Show handsome and expert riders and horses, performing on the tanbark, vie for attention with the top crust of Society, on exhibition in the boxes. Major Yanez of Chile is stopped by the speedray camera clearing the show's toughest jump.



Continued on Next Page

3—From Reds to Republicans, every political faction comes to the key state of New York and the Garden for its major rally. Successful defense of his championship brought FDR here twice.

WHEN the final history of mass entertainment is written in gold on the pages of time Madison Square Garden will rate a chapter. Not even the Roman Coliseum will outrank this Eighth Wonder of the World, which nightly changes—from hockey rink, to fight arena, basketball court—to stage any indoor sport. It is the national Mecca of Mr. and Mrs. Fan, and an athlete performing under its floodlights has arrived—win, lose, or draw.

The champions and runners-up of politics have set its walls to echoing; great names in every field of endeavor have studded its mass meetings. Neither on Madison Square, nor a garden, this successor to Stanford White's original structure can seat from 14,750 (for the horse show) to 21,500 (for a fight).

Built at a cost of \$5,500,000, it recently paid off the last slice of its \$3,000,000 mortgage. The Garden has achieved the rare combination, for a sport arena, of prestige and profit. SPOT shows you a few of its thousand and one nights.

Continued from Previous Page

4—Home of the Rangers and Americans, the Garden ice offers hockey fans scenes like this 3 times a week all winter.



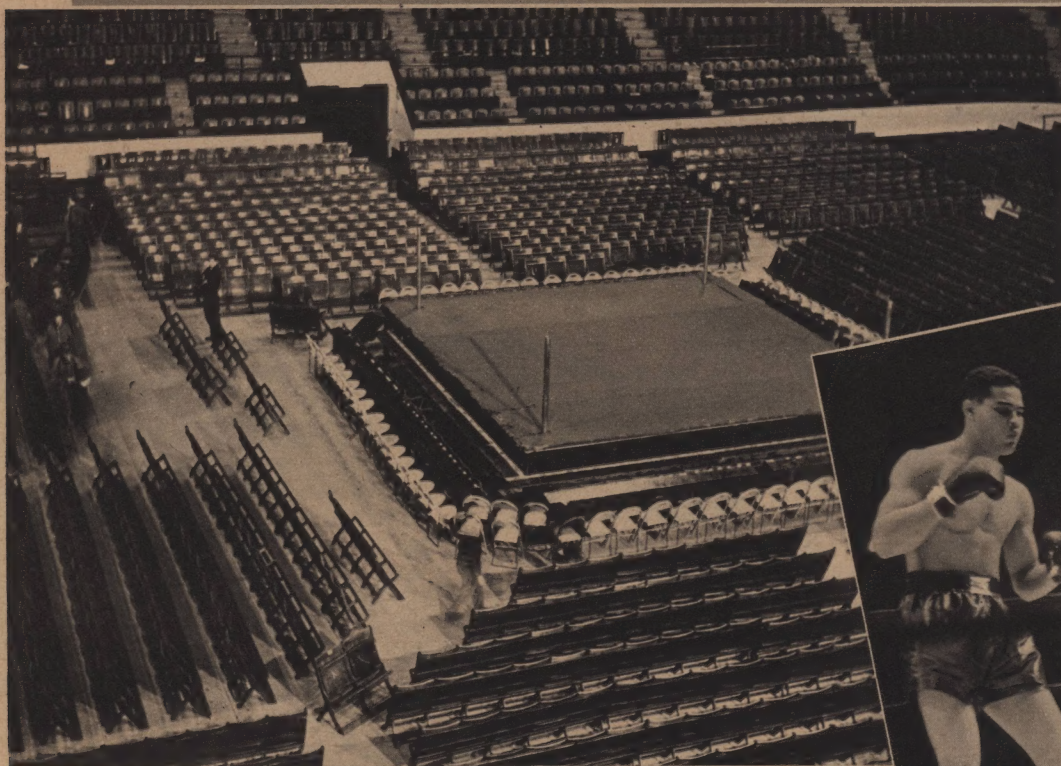
5—The Garden is converted from rink to fight arena, below, in two and a half hours. The game ended at 11, it's now 12:30.



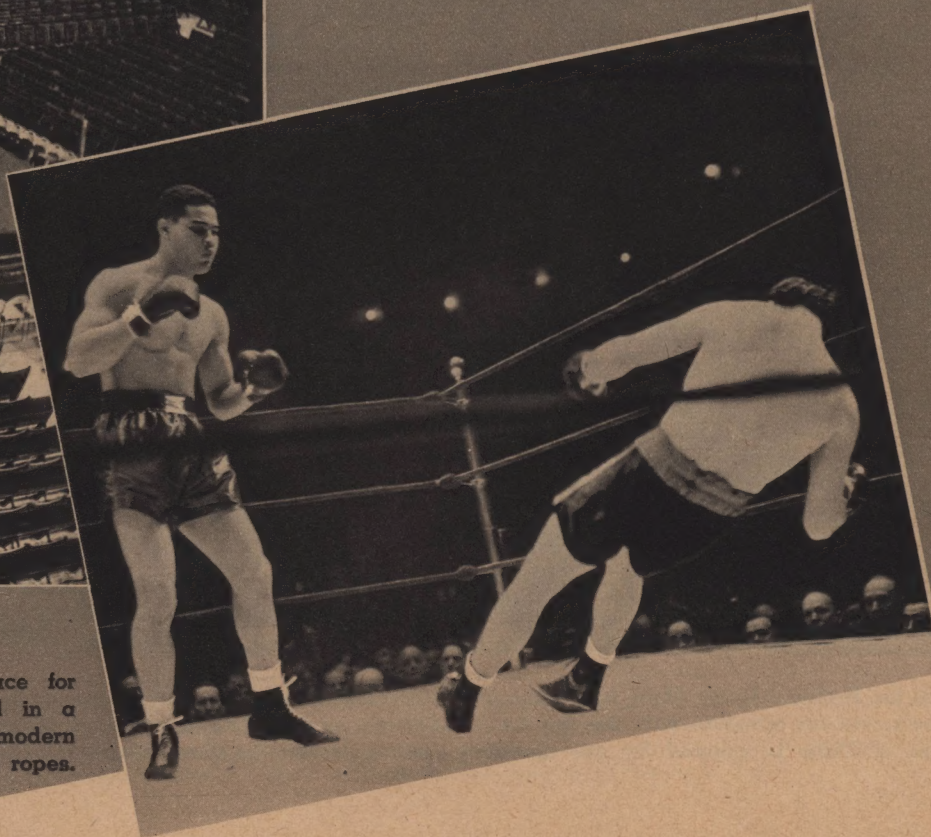
6—By 1 a. m., below, the ice is disposed of, sideboards and netting removed, and the ring foundation is set up on the still cold floor.



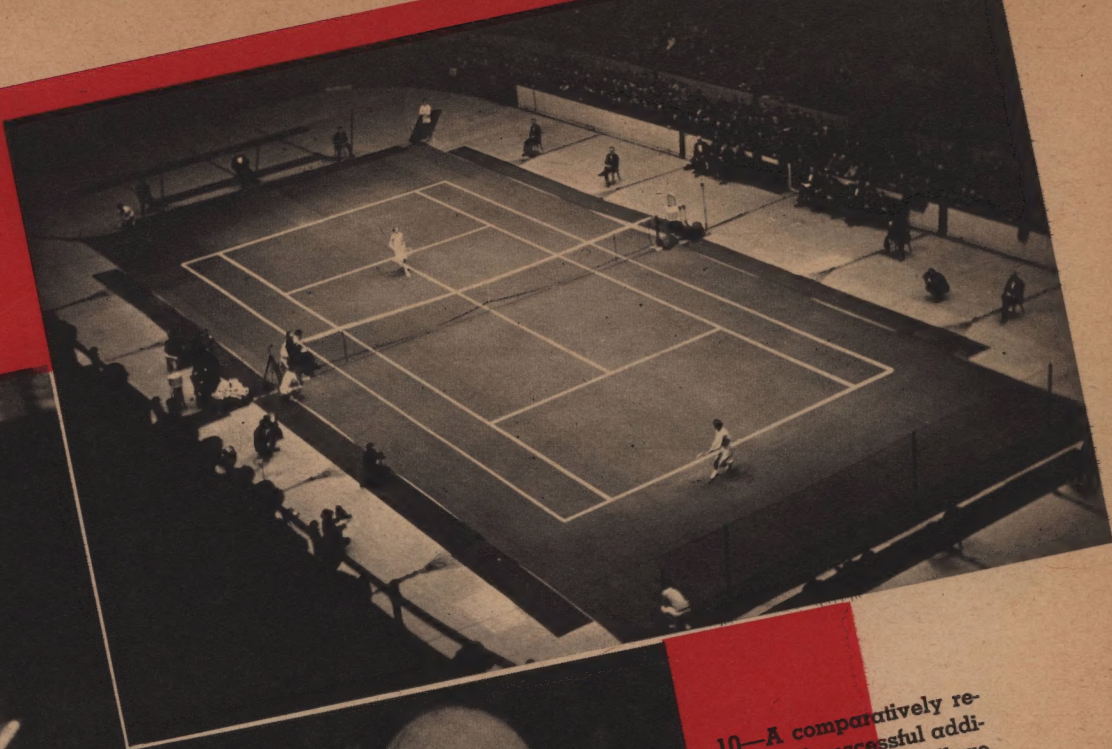
7—At 2:25 the ring is up, most of the seats are in, left, and all's ready for the fans.



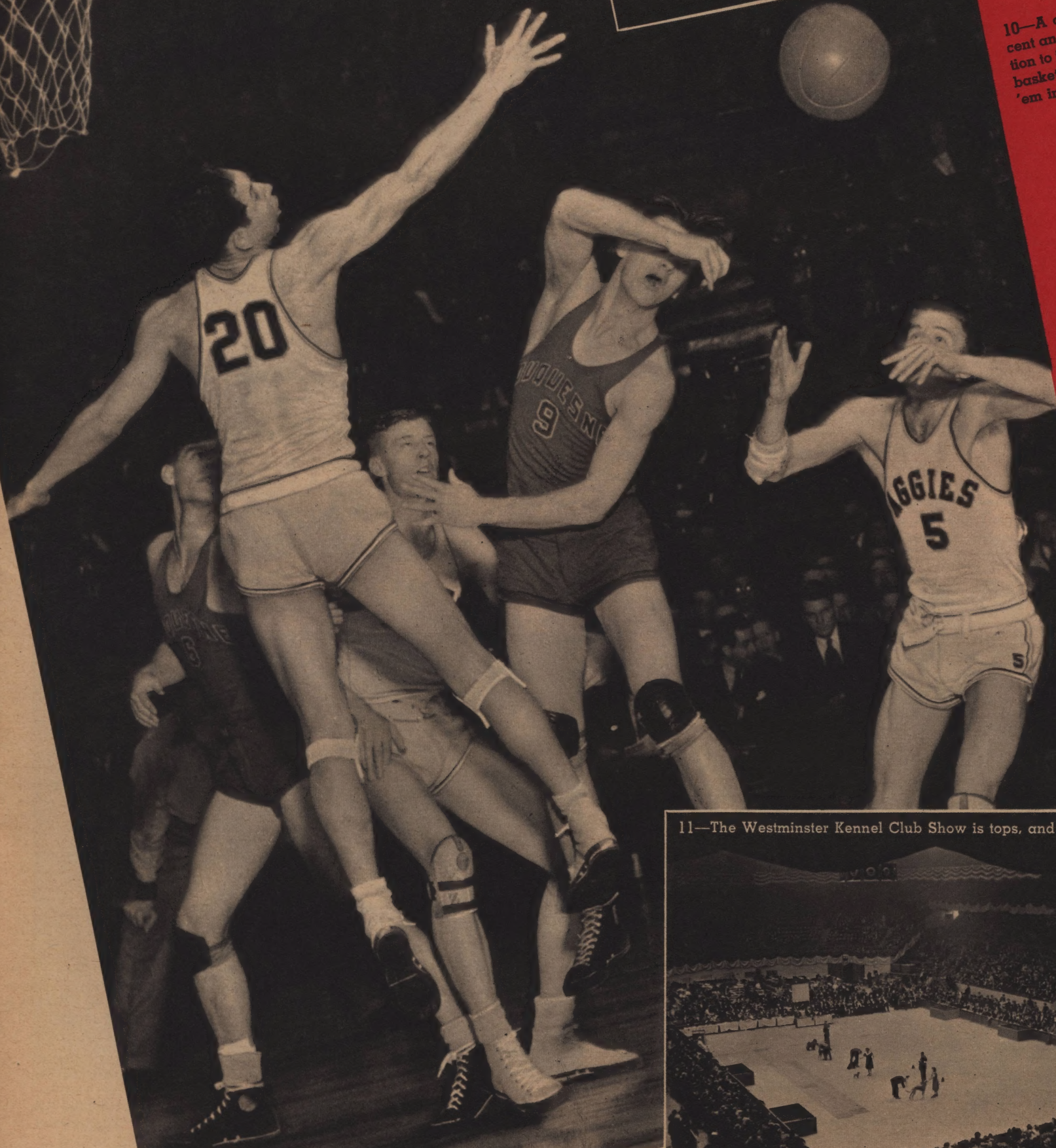
8—Four hours to fix the place for a fight that Joe Louis ended in a round, right. All the great modern ringmen climbed through these ropes.



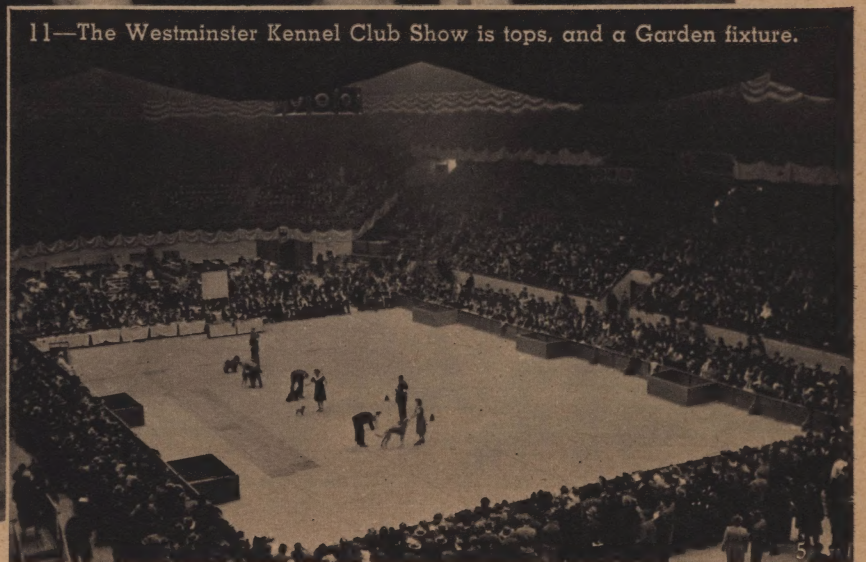
9—Professional tennis has drawn well at the Garden since the stars began to play for profit. Right, Marble vs. Hardwick inaugurate the '40-'41 season.



10—A comparatively recent and successful addition to its roster is college basketball, which packs 'em in by the thousands.



11—The Westminster Kennel Club Show is tops, and a Garden fixture.



Life in Khaki

IS NOTHING LIKE THE CARTOONS

"**Y**OU'RE in the Army now," is the phrase that more than a million young men will be hearing before June.

Fond parents everywhere, especially the mamas, still remembering "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" and having read too many Hemingway books about the revels of men under arms, have a preconceived notion of temptations within the reach of Johnny, Jr.

So that the contrast is dramatic, SPOT offers sketches of relaxations as they don't exist, but as they are imagined by fearful mothers, and some documentary photos of fun in the camps as it is actually enjoyed after a hard day at drilling. It's wholesome indeed, as you'll note in these photos taken at Fort Dix, N. J.



1—Mama may imagine shaded lights and sirens, but Johnny, Jr., won't find 'em . . .



3—Mama may think hostesses spend evenings playing strip-poker with the boys . . .



2—Instead, he'll find a brightly-lighted room and plenty of good, wholesome dancing.



4—But card activities are limited to social bridge, very well chaperoned.



5—The doting parents' idea of the services the hostesses will give are not quite accurate.



6—Miss Ethel Logan, Dix senior hostess, center, as liaison officer greets chaperones.



7—Johnny's Ma may vision a Saturday night camp party as a wild drinking orgy....



8—But the wild party in reality is nothing but an evening of healthful roller skating.

ROBERT BENCHLEY—



Top, an interesting candid character study of Bob Benchley the grandfather. Center, Bob in a "what was that noise?" pose from his most discussed short subject, "How to Sleep." They keep Bob active on the set, as at bottom where he has to fall off a raft in "The Reluctant Dragon," the new Disney film.

ROBERT BENCHLEY, at the peak of his career, has been honored with such flattering titles as "The Funniest Man in America," "The Sultan of the Short Subjects," and many others. He was a success in the movies as soon as one of his early shorts, "How to Sleep," began to play in the neighborhood houses. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded him an Oscar a few years ago for the best short subject. As a featured player in full-length films, he's in great demand at all the studios in Hollywood.

In spite of all this success, Benchley says firmly: "I never wanted to be an actor at all. This is not what I had planned. I'm a writer; I've written ten books." Each time he tells anyone his plight, he looks at him imploringly in the hope that his listener will believe him.

Today, at 51, Benchley is a grandfather—a fact which helps convince him that he's in the wrong business. "I shouldn't be falling into the water in swimming pools off rubber mats. That's no place for a grandfather," he says in his best indignant manner, which is not very indignant.

"Whenever they need someone who's not an actor for a part, they all chorus: 'Let's get Benchley.' And they're right. I'm no actor."

After this little outburst, Bob took time out to quaff a refreshing drink. "The trouble is," he continued in a more amiable mood, "you can't turn down the money they pay you in Hollywood. And I still have a son who has two years to go in college. Otherwise, I'd settle for a \$65-a-week writing job."

This turn in his career from writing to acting is not a natural progression, according to Benchley. He can understand about a person starting out as an actor and ending up as a writer, but not the reverse. "At my age, this is not my idea of climbing the ladder," he says.

THE legend of Benchley the funny man has been a long time growing, and it's now gathering more and more momentum. He undoubtedly has made enough witty remarks to justify the "funny man" label, but now almost every clever crack that was ever made is attributed to him. Benchley is the first to disclaim credit for all these gags.

Many of the classic stories about his early career are nothing but amusing stories, with no basis whatever in fact, Bob says flatly. One of the tall tales which has been given the widest circulation, including publication in the *Saturday Evening Post*, concerns the signs which Benchley and Dorothy Parker were supposed to have had lettered on the door of the office they shared. The way the story is told these days the sign read: "Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co., Robert Benchley, President; Dorothy Parker, President. Cable address—Park-Bench."

This, says Benchley, is just not true. There was never any sign on the door. Another similar story making the rounds is that Mrs. Parker had the word "Men" lettered on her door, to insure a steady stream of male company. This also is pure fable.

"There was never any sign on the door," Benchley says with authority, "but people still come up to me and tell me they remember seeing the sign there."

Don't get the idea, though, that all the lines attributed to Bob are not his, or that he never says anything funny. After a hard day's work on one of his shorts one summer afternoon a year or two ago, Bob did sigh and exclaim, as he arrived home: "Now out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini!" This line has already gained wide word-of-mouth circulation, and will soon take its place alongside other classic remarks like, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

Benchley's career as a humorist goes back quite a long way. He

HE'D RATHER WRITE THE NATION'S JOKES THAN ACT THEM OUT

first showed signs of his later leanings in Harvard. Bob would entertain his fellow classmates at informal gatherings from time to time. On one such occasion he showed up armed with an umbrella and a napkin for props. The umbrella was pressed into service as a pointer, and the napkin served as a screen, while "Professor" Benchley gave an illustrated lecture on the woollen-mitten industry.

"Our first slide," Bob orated, "shows that in 1904 it took 1,487 man-hours to produce 1905, which, in turn, required 3,586 man-hours to hold its own. This made 3,000,000 foot-pounds of energy, a foot-pound being the number of feet in a pound. This is, of course, all per capita . . . Next slide, please! . . . I'm afraid my assistant has it in upside down . . . There! That's better!"

Further examples of the Benchley zany streak showed up in subsequent lectures by "Senator" Benchley, the "Reverend" Benchley, and "Captain" Benchley, daring leader of the Benchley-Gleeber expedition.

He was elected to the staff of the Lampoon, Harvard's comic magazine, with very little opposition, and shortly he saw his first attempt at professional humor in print. It was a cartoon (Benchley started as an artist) and showed two scrubwomen near a garbage can. One asked, "Ain't it offal, Mable?"

Since those early days, fortunately, Benchley's fondness for the pun as a form of humor has lessened considerably.

When asked by a professor to submit a thesis on how to do something practical, Benchley turned in a semi-scholarly, semi-humorous essay titled, "How to Embalm a Corpse." Even though it met with a rather cool reception, Benchley was not disheartened. It was in this thesis that the seeds were sown for his subsequent instructive movie shorts, in which he demonstrates "How to" accomplish any bit of business the hard way.

AFTER his graduation from Harvard in 1912, Bob drifted around considerably. His versatility came in handy during the next few years, for he held such widely different jobs as secretary to the Director at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, social director of the Russell Paper Company, obituary writer for the old New York Tribune, and press agent. In each case he was fired before he had a chance to get accustomed to his surroundings. During one of his periods of unemployment, he acquired a wife—and later a son, Nathaniel.

In 1918 Bob sold some humorous articles to Vanity Fair, a satirical magazine. The editor liked his amusing outlook, as presented in his pieces, and early in 1919 hired him as managing editor at \$100 a week.

His ascension to the staff of Vanity Fair marked the turning point in his career. Although he was never really happy while he was in this magazine's employ, his future began to take shape, for it was on Vanity Fair that he was thrown into close association with Robert Sherwood, now a famous playwright, and Dorothy Parker, the celebrated writer with the acid wit. These three staff members became pals at once, and indulged in so many office pranks that the editor, Frank Crowninshield, was constantly forced to suspend them. The trio would repent, and reinstatement would follow. After this routine had been going on for more than half a year, Crowninshield tired of getting nowhere with his suspensions and fired Sherwood. Next to go was Dorothy Parker, who had written two stinging reviews of plays which brought protests from the producers of the plays in question—who happened to be Florenz Ziegfeld and David Belasco. These indignant letters, which ordinarily would not have been given such serious consideration, had a "last straw" effect on Crowninshield and he gave Mrs. Parker a two-weeks' notice.

At the time, Benchley was totally dependent on his salary, and his family had just been increased by the birth of another son, Bob, Jr. Nonetheless, he informed his editor that he didn't care to work for a magazine which refused to stand in back of the opinions of its reviewers. He quit when Mrs. Parker left, in January, 1920.

For the last 20 years his rise has been rapid. He was taken on by Life Magazine (then devoted to humor) as dramatic critic—at the sizable salary of \$250 a week. Again he found himself working alongside Sherwood, Life's new movie critic.

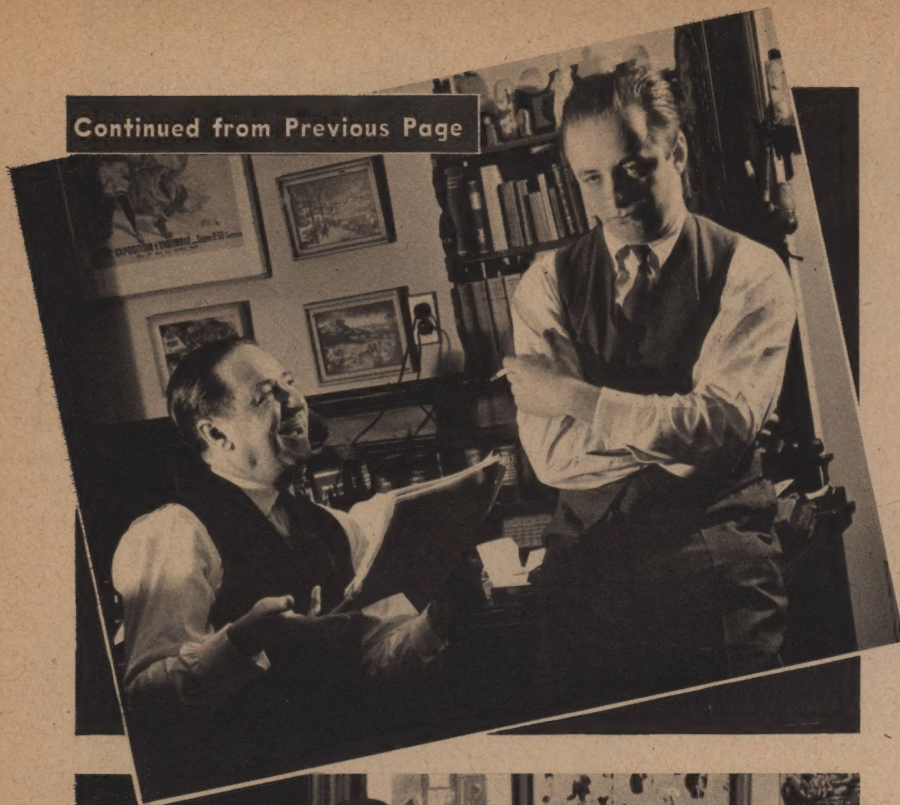
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Benchley is fanatically neat, and will take time out to get the scrap into the basket every time, as above. After a short period of work in his Hollywood home he takes time out for a game of solitaire. Ah-ah, no fair peeking. Bottom, he's overcome with curiosity in the Disney studio.

Continued from Previous Page



Benchley tries out his new scripts on his son, Nathaniel, who's a pretty tough audience, top. Bob's New York apartment is filled with pictures and geegaws which fascinated him. There's also a well-stocked bar, center. The pantry is used as storage room for miscellaneous purchases he makes.

Benchley himself considers that he was "made" as a drama critic by a fluke, while he was working for Life. On the evening of May 23, 1922—which struck him then as a perfectly uneventful night—Benchley went to the Fulton Theatre to see the opening of a play called "Abie's Irish Rose." It presented the tribulations of an Irish girl in love with a Jewish boy, and the difficulties they encountered with their respective families because of the difference in their religion. All the critics, including Benchley, panned it unmercifully. Bob called it "among the season's worst."

The show instead of folding up, amazed everyone by continuing to play to a well-filled theatre. Besides the columns carrying Benchley's reviews of new plays, there was in each issue a short list of summaries of the plays already running on Broadway. In this department, Benchley was forced to list "Abie's Irish Rose" week after week, with some short comment about the play. After the first few weeks the show was a definite box-office hit—the audiences which enjoyed it told their friends about it, and they came in spite of the unfavorable reviews. Benchley found himself embarrassed by the necessity of saying something after the title of the show each week. He stuck to his opinion, and soon was printing gags like "Will the Marines NEVER come?" after the title. The sale of Life increased, as many metropolitan readers bought it each week just to see what new line Benchley was using as an alibi. This, of course, focussed the eyes of theatrical people on the bright young Life critic.

"Abie's Irish Rose" ran for 316 weeks, and for a little over six years Benchley ran a new line a week about the show. Some of them are classics; even the ones lifted bodily from Joe Miller's joke book seemed hilarious under the circumstances. Each line suggested to the reader a vivid picture of Benchley squirming in embarrassment at being forced to acknowledge the show's continued success. This same quality was later to help make Benchley's ten-minute movies among the most popular short subjects ever produced.

On the first birthday of "Abie's Irish Rose" the cast sent Benchley a birthday cake—in grateful acknowledgment of the part he played in the show's success. Later Benchley offered prizes for the best lines submitted to be run in the usual space. Harpo Marx copped the prize one week with "No worse than a bad cold."

SOME of Benchley's own best lines which convulsed theatregoers over the six-year span were, "Where do the people come from who keep this going? You don't see them out in the daytime"; "My, my, here it is November again" (after two years) "Come on now! A joke's a joke."

In 1929, a year after "Abie's Irish Rose" had stopped giving him nightmares, Benchley, by now firmly established as the funniest drama critic in New York, switched to The New Yorker magazine, where he did his weekly theatre column and contributed humorous pieces on the side. Many of these latter were subsequently reprinted in his various books.

The titles of some of these zany volumes present an accurate indication of Benchley's type of wit—"My Ten Years in a Quandary, and How They Grew," "No Poems, or Around the World Backwards and Sideways," and "After 1903, What?" to name a few.

While he was working on Life, he had several casual meetings with Marc Connelly, the playwright, who thought Benchley's manner of speaking very funny. When he heard that Bob had addressed smokers and banquets, Connelly induced him to appear at a one-night performance of a show called "No, Siree!" which he was putting on for the amusement of himself and his friends. The performers were all stars—except for Benchley, who was not even listed on the program. Most of the hand-picked spectators had never seen Benchley before, and he was understandably nervous when he walked out on the stage. Fortunately, the monologue he had written for the purpose called for this type of timid, Caspar Milquetoast character. It was called "The Treasurer's Report"—and it turned out to be a bewildering collection of statistics presented with a great deal of confusion and throat-clearing by a little mousy treasurer at a company meeting. It brought down the house.

Many of the famous writers and composers in the audience raved about Benchley's performance for weeks; most enthusiastic was Irving Berlin, who signed him for "The Third Music Box Revue." Bob delivered "The Treasurer's Report" in this show nightly throughout its nine-months' run, and followed this with ten additional weeks in vaudeville. It later became the title of one of his books, in which it was the feature piece. This volume was a huge success and was translated into several foreign languages.

"The Treasurer's Report" itself is a short article of about a thousand words, which Benchley wrote in outline form in a taxicab while riding to the first rehearsal of Connelly's show.



In 1928 he became a motion picture actor, working in Hollywood in the summer when the theatrical season in New York was at its ebb point. He made six short subjects for Fox Films, one of which was the first all-talking picture made—"The Treasurer's Report."

"Most people think of 'The Jazz Singer' as the first talkie," Bob explains, "but that was just the first movie with sound accompaniment. 'The Treasurer's Report' was the first all-talkie."

Next he made a few shorts for RKO-Radio, where he put in most of his time writing. Soon he moved to M-G-M, and continued his movie-writing chores. Occasionally he'd suggest that they let him make a few short subjects. "I made some for Fox a few years ago," he'd say. One of the Metro officials surprised him one day by saying he'd take a look at the Fox shorts.

"We phoned Fox," Benchley explains, "and they said they never heard of 'em. Already I was a writer again."

Later, though, when M-G-M had decided to do a short in an educational vein based on a test worked out by the Mellon Institute and the Simmons Bed Co. on the number and variety of positions an average man strikes in the course of a normal eight-hour sleep, Benchley was picked to write the script. As it came from Bob's typewriter, the whole thing seemed pretty funny. The executives decided to do it as a comedy, and suggested that Bob act the leading role. "How to Sleep" was promptly filmed; it met an enthusiastic response all over the country, and won the Academy Award as the Best Short Subject of the year. Also Benchley's doom was sealed. They wanted him to make one short after another—"and they pay such big money I couldn't turn them down." There are now about 25 Benchley shorts being shown and reshowed at movie houses around the country, and he's busy making more right now.

THE popularity of his shorts is doubtless due to his formula of placing himself in situations which everyone in the audience has already experienced. In almost every case he represents the ineffectual husband who is constantly and unwittingly doing things that irritate his wife to the screaming point. This, Bob thinks, strikes the women in the audience funny—because in many instances it parallels their own experiences—and women are easier to start laughing, he claims. The studios also lure him into playing feature parts in full-length pictures as often as possible—usually allowing him to write his own lines, as in "Foreign Correspondent."

Besides some new shorts, he has just finished a new picture with Deanna Durbin, "Nice Girl," in which he plays Deanna's father, in addition to a new Disney film, "The Reluctant Dragon," in which Benchley is the only flesh-and-blood actor.

Benchley's radio career, while not exactly short-lived, was no smash success. He was featured on a program for about two years, but Bob was very rarely hilariously funny. A good reason for this may be found in the fact that his sponsor insisted on having a couple of radio "writers" supply Benchley with his material, so that Bob simply read the script. The "writers" included a lot of weak gags, which could have been delivered by any radio comedian; very often, after a particularly bad one, Benchley would add some apologetic excuse, not in the script. This would invariably turn out to get a much bigger laugh from the studio audience than the gag preceding it. He felt greatly relieved when his contract expired.

As a companion, Benchley is just about perfect. He's very easy to get along with, and laughs heartily and genuinely when the person he's with says anything the least bit funny.

The saddening note in his life, as he sees it, is that he never has time to write any more humorous articles, and he doesn't have time to see his old friends as often as he'd like to. Even Gluyas Williams, who draws those inimitable caricatures of Bob for his books, sees Benchley only once a year now. "He makes a special trip down from Newton Center, Massachusetts, every year," says Benchley. "And that's mostly to see how fat I've got, so he can alter his drawings."

*—Drawing by Gluyas Williams from "My Ten Years in a Quandary, and How They Grew," by Robert Benchley. Published by Harper & Brothers.



One of Benchley's biggest problems is where to find space for the books he's always buying. Bob once played cello in his youth, but he has a little trouble with it these days. Bottom, Benchley in a typical pose; here he managed to get his rubbers and one shoe off before falling asleep.

**IN THE SPOTLIGHT NEXT MONTH—
ALICE MARBLE**

Glamour

IS NO ACCIDENT

GLAMOUR is only skin deep. Hollywood's men of magic can take a comely but unexciting example of American girlhood—the corn-fed belle of the strawberry festival—and photograph her as a ravishing beauty.

These famous and fascinating women have charm and photogenic features to begin with, of course. They are what you might call "nice-looking girls." That's what they look like in half the pictures shown here—the candid, informal shots. In the others they are women incarnate—acmes of loveliness. It's a matter of perfect makeup, coiffure, and costume; expert lighting and photography to emphasize the best features, and finally retouching the photo.



1—Jane Wyman, above, attractive Warner Brothers star, is an entirely different person in the snapshot and the gallery photo by Hurrell of Hollywood. The difference is in makeup, lighting, and the all-important camera angle.

2—Gladys Swarthout, below, Metropolitan Opera star, is cute rather than stunning in the photo made on her return from a holiday. The glamour quotient of one of America's best dressed women is heightened by the same treatment given Miss Wyman.





3—In this candid shot of Simone Simon taking a candid shot she looks like just one of the girls—with freckles, wrinkles, and lines. After a visit to the studio the blemishes are gone, a shadow shortens her neck—and look!

4—United Artists' Hungarian singing star, Ilona Massey, below, is shown arriving in the U. S. and how she looked after the Hollywood still photographers did a job. Their spotlights are better than the sun and retouching the picture helps.



A REDSKIN TAKES A



1—The wedding march circles the village many times. The braves ride and the squaws walk, the toms toms are beaten constantly and stray dogs bark. The parade gives everyone a chance to display his finery. It's followed by a feast of buffalo meat, beef, and crackers.

AN INDIAN wedding, celebrated among the tribes men of the American Northwest, is a peaceful tableau handed down from yesterday.

When Standing Bear married Running Deer, a SPOT photographer attended to record the primitive rites and festivities. The wedding pair are members of the Assiniboin, who live both in the United States and Canada.

Coming together at the reservation, in the Province of Alberta, the braves, squaws, and their offspring celebrate the event with vast rejoicing. Pitching their tepees close together, these sociable folk form a little community. The occasion provides a grand opportunity for swapping gifts and gossip.



2—Before the tribal ceremony is enacted the white man's legal version must be performed. Running Deer and Standing Bear borrow a car to drive to the Baptist Mission. They put on ordinary clothes for the trip and seem to have a young stowaway, right.



3—Moon Cloud, handsome 10-year-old, is a combination Cupid and best man. Proud of his deertail headdress, he serves as a messenger between the groom and the bride-elect's father.

SQUAW



4—The marriage agreement is made by Laughing Elk, her father, left, and Horseman Tommy, his father, both in formal costume.

5—Patriarch Big Bear invokes the aid of sun, moon, stars, and animals. He also guarantees good wedding-day weather.



6—The Indian marriage is performed by the bride's father "giving her away." He joins the couple's hands in what is usually a private ceremony. Her mother sits at left. The bride wore buckskin.



7—For their honeymoon they take a one or two-day trip into the wilds, where they live in crude shelters. When they return they'll set up housekeeping in the skeleton tepee, left, which is always provided for the young Indian couple by the tribe.



JUDO—

An Oriental Short-Cut to Self-Defense That's Fun

A SKINNY, little Japanese makes a lightning grab at a young, 190 lb. New York executive, picks him up, and throws him over his head—and crash. The big man scrambles to his feet, smiling, and they resume what looks like a feeble waltz. They are "playing" Judo, an advanced form of the ancient jiu jitsu, in the heart of the Times Square area. This sport, which enthusiasts say has spiritual and psychological as well as physical benefits, boasts all the violent thrills of the original combat "sport" without its possible fatalities.

3—Monty is flung through the air, left, completely at the mercy of Hayashi. This throw is known as Hanegoshi.

1—Monty Mead and Hiroshi Hayashi, Judo instructors, "waltz" around—each looking for an opportunity to attack.

2—Hayashi catches Mead off balance, swings his hip into him, below, and kicks his foot out.

4—He appears to be falling on his head, below, but won't. Their falling technique prevents that.





5—The first thing the novice learns is how to fall. The head is bent forward, to prevent skull fracture; hands hit first to save spine and kidneys.



6—Fred Tada demonstrates a floor hold with Mead again the victim. He can hold him in this position indefinitely or break his arm by pressing it back.



7—Like all the tricks, Tomoenage starts out with the "waltz." Suddenly Tada puts his foot on Mead's stomach, falls to his back, and Monty's on his way.



8—Holding fast to the heavy cotton kimono, he "kicks" Mead over. He'll hit floor several feet away.



GORILLAS PREFER BLONDES



1—The box on which lovely Vivi Brown is standing is intended to represent an auction block, and Sultan Scott gives her a careful once-over. Slave girls Barbara Moffett, Doris Houck, and Jean Wallace await their turn.



2—Left, as the Sultan prepares to force on his victim "a fate worse than death," Ingagi appears, and Jean Wallace faints dead away.

3—Abandoning the prostrate Miss Wallace momentarily, Ingagi gazes on lovely Doris Houck, who screams convincingly.

THE legend of "Beauty and the Beast" is so old that no one seems able to remember when and where it originated. Some of the people we asked claim it's even older than many of the jokes you hear on the radio. In spite of its age as a story, it's still popular enough to prompt fun-seekers by the thousands to jam their way into Hollywood's Florentine Gardens, where the legend is recreated twice each night.

N. T. G., who acts as genial master of ceremonies at the show, has assembled a group of the most beautiful girls in the country to act out the story with Emil van Horn, who plays the part of the gorilla as naturally as though he'd spent all his life in the jungle, and Sultan Fred Scott. Ingagi, the gorilla, eyes each one of the lovely ladies before deciding on his prize. There are, of course, other numbers in the Florentine Gardens floor show—also featuring N. T. G.'s shapely slave girls, but "Beauty and the Beast" is the spectacle the customers come to see.

These exclusive SPOT photos are presented for the enjoyment of our readers who aren't within easy commuting distance of the Florentine Gardens. This should also give any girls who hope to land a job at N. T. G.'s an idea of what's in store. Ingagi'll get you if you don't watch out.





4—But the gorilla's fondness for Miss Houck is only temporary—he picks up Jean Wallace as his final choice. The Sultan is not so easily outsmarted, and he lets Ingagi have it with his whip. N.T.G. watches nonchalantly, at right.



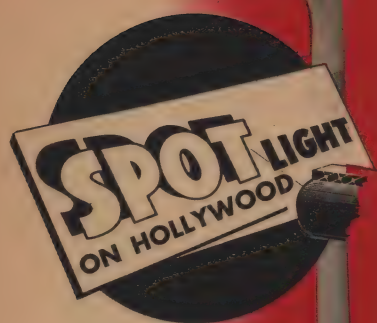
5—Determined to put an end to these interruptions for good, Ingagi deposits Jean in a safe place and lights out after the Sultan. Catching up with him in a flower-bed high on a side wall, Ingagi gives him the throttling he deserves.



6—With the Sultan out of the way, Ingagi makes off for his lair with his prize. Although terrified of the gorilla, the girls prefer him to the Sultan.

7—And no wonder. Underneath the grisly exterior is Emil van Horn, a handsome young man who is the perfect guest at afternoon tea, and never even says "damn."





ANYTHING TO

HOLLYWOOD press agents depend heavily on gags to focus public attention on their studio's productions. Naturally, newspapers and magazines will print pictures of entertaining and unusual stunts, calling attention to the latest "best picture ever made" where it will do the most good—among the patrons.

To plug "The Thief of Bagdad" Press Agent Russ Birdwell put a supposedly frustrated actor on a high platform to "sell his act" near the Carthay Circle Theater.



1—Phil Monte begins his sit-down strike because the studios "refuse to hire his act."



2—His girl friend, Beatrice, an extra, brings him cigarettes as the shutters click away.



3—Beatrice begs him to come down, to forget about his career and this mad adventure. The sad comedian, hookah in hand, declines to be rescued.



4—His refusal to be saved from a fate worse than unemployment irks Beatrice no end. She descends from the \$300 tower in a bit of a huff.

GET IN THE PAPERS



5—Angry and envious of his publicity, she gives him the business.



6—Phil chases her down fast and the hose battle, right, is on.



7—When "Bagdad" Monte gets control of the portable shower Beatrice earns her day's pay.



8—The gag is over. It cost about \$500 and got free story and picture space in the newspapers worth thousands of dollars. This is A-1 movie promotion.

THE DE MILLE OF ANIMAL PICTURES



Tom Furry went a-fishing with a home-made fishing rod; He thought he'd catch a catfish, or a salmon, or a cod; He took a can of squirmy bait to hang upon his hook, And stood for half the morning by the margin of a brook. I fear there won't be fish upon the Furies' larder shelf, For look what silly Tom has done. He's gone and hooked himself!

BELOW—Mr. Frees and his assistants have devoted years to making and collecting costumes and properties for the hundreds of pictures he makes. This is but a small part of his stock of miniature trappings.



HARRY W. FREES became a leading photographer of animals in costume because he was given a toy hat and because a cat coveted a half-eaten roast.

The hat, sent as a gag by a friend, arrived just as the Frees family had finished dinner in their Pennsylvania home. As Rags, the family tabby, wondered whether she could make off with the remains of the meat course Frees popped the hat on her head. In a single ludicrous moment, before the outraged pet disentangled herself, an idea and a career were born.

Of his odd profession, Mr. Frees declares, "There has been nothing 'accidental' about it except the beginning. The rest has been patient and persistent work."

He started out by outfitting Rags, who presumably bowed to the inevitable, and photographing her in more or less natural poses.

"I didn't even dream then of photographing animals in the difficult poses you see in the pictures I make now," Mr. Frees told SPOT.

It took him several years to perfect his technique for posing his models on their hind legs long enough to make good pictures and he considers this ability to "freeze" these naturally active animals, for even a few seconds, his greatest achievement. He uses a slow shutter speed—never less than one-half second—with an old-fashioned view camera, so the little guys have to "hold it" very steadily. Even with his great skill he meets with more failures than successes.

His animals are not trained, in the usual sense of the word. He neither intimidates nor punishes them, but by his knowledge of animal reactions can frequently tell how they will act under various circumstances. He has found that kittens' attention can be held by movement, puppies' by sounds. In the latter instance a bark outside the studio disrupts the sitting.

Mr. Frees prefers to photograph kittens, especially Persians, to pups—since he thinks the cats have a "cute and appealing eagerness" which the dogs lack. Posing any animal "asleep" is the easiest way. They doze off and have to be wakened when the



Harry Frees

shots are made, he insists. But once he removes the model's costume he seems to know his job is finished and it's impossible to get him to pose any more that day. In many respects, according to Mr. Frees, his animals' intelligence equals that of young children.

Animal vanity contributes to the Frees success. When he gets them all dressed up they feel that their dignity is impaired, but that it will be further impaired if they attempt to move about. So they stand still.

His No. 1 aversion is the little pig—regardless of what Walt Disney thinks of him. The piglet, he says, "has a burning hatred for photographers in general and you in particular" and constantly shows it. All his models are borrowed and returned when they get too old, and too willful, to pose—eliminating the disposal problem. His pictures, and these reprinted verses which accompany them are widely sold in low-priced children's books.



Mice Cream. Ugh! What a horrid name. It isn't very nice to think of Furrries licking up a frozen cream of mice. "If Furrries eat that sort of food," I'm sure I hear you say. "We will not read a Furry verse on this or any day!" But, children, wait. It's just a joke (though vulgar and ill-bred). The M was put in front of ice by naughty Furry Fred.

Well, well! The greedy little Dogs. They don't look very lean. In fact, they're just about as plump as any dogs I've seen. We Want More Bones! We Want More Meat!—It passes all belief! D'you know, they've had six mutton bones and half a shin of beef! When Mrs. Furry met those Dogs she shook her furry head. "You want more Bones? You want more Meat? You'll have to want!" she said.



The kitten friend who lived next door invited Fan and Fred To see a Magic Lantern Show—his very own, he said. "How deadly dull!" mewed peevish Fred who watched the milkmaid cat. "If this is all you have to show I think it's frightfully flat! I like to look at hunting cats who stalk the jungle mouse! Come, Fan, let's see a proper film inside a Picture House."

Hullo! He's tumbled off the sled—the Cat-next-door. Well, that's all right, for no one minds a tumble any more! "Oh, don't they?" wails the Cat-next-door, his mother's coddled pet. "I mind it very much indeed. Boo-hoo! I'm cold and wet!" Go home, you baby Cat-next-door and tell your mother, do! For no one else, I'm very sure, will sympathize with you!



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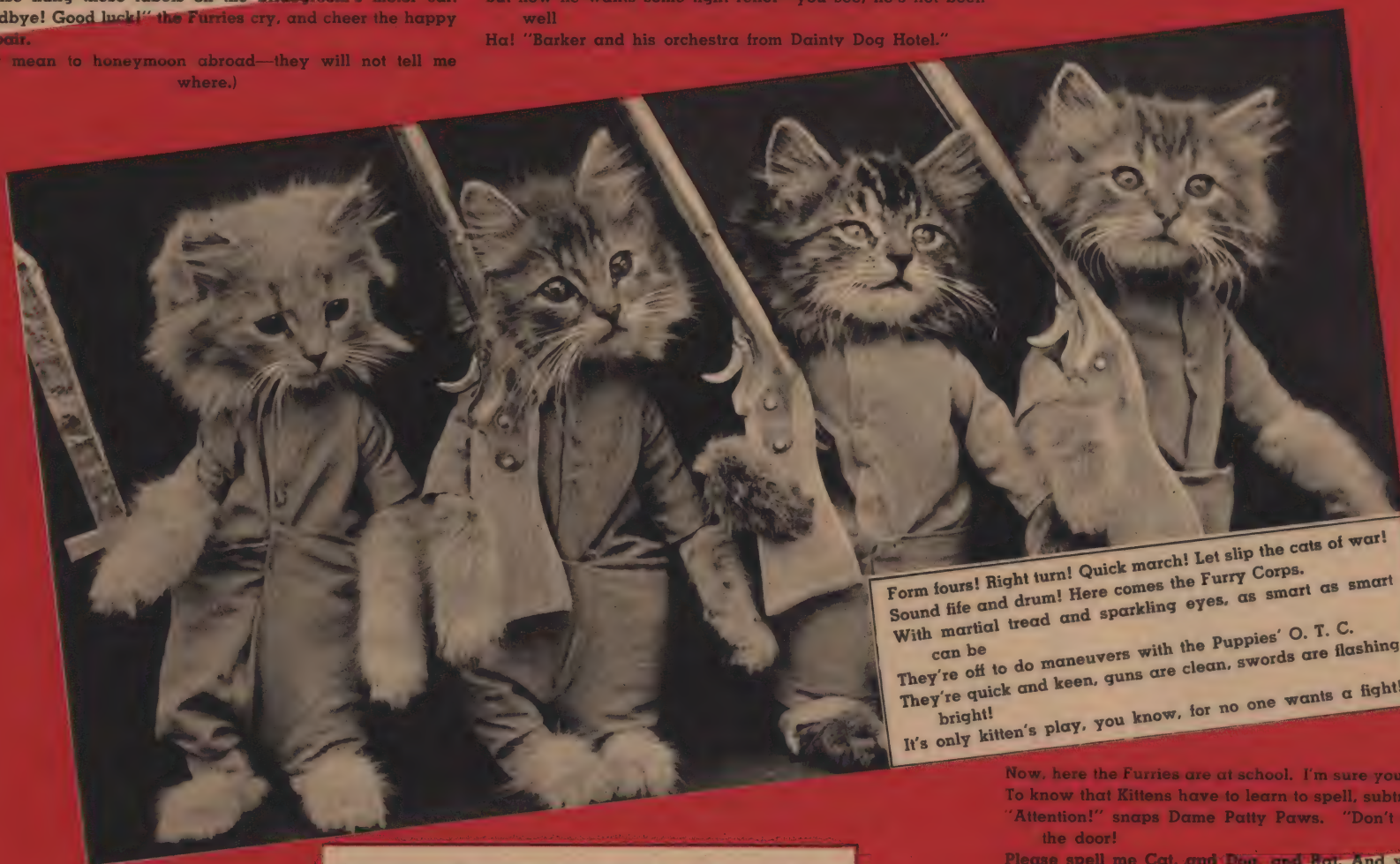


Continued from Previous Page



The happy pair are off at last upon their Honeymoon.
The Furies drank their healths in cream this very afternoon.
The best Cat made a witty speech and kissed the Bride's Mamma—
He also hung those labels on the Bridegroom's motor car.
"Goodbye! Good luck!" the Furies cry, and cheer the happy pair.
(They mean to honeymoon abroad—they will not tell me where.)

Now don't disturb the patient, please! He wants to listen in.
He's waiting so intently for the music to begin.
He's heard a most instructive talk on Vitamins in Crumbs.
He's also heard a long debate on Clearing Kennel Slums.
But now he wants some light relief—you see, he's not been well
Ha! "Barker and his orchestra from Dainty Dog Hotel."



Form fours! Right turn! Quick march! Let slip the cats of war!
Sound life and drum! Here comes the Furry Corps.
With martial tread and sparkling eyes, as smart as smart
can be
They're off to do maneuvers with the Puppies' O. T. C.
They're quick and keen, guns are clean, swords are flashing
bright!
It's only kitten's play, you know, for no one wants a fight!

Poor Tabitha. She hates a bath. She's on the verge of tears.
She simply loathes the flannel square that's used to wash
her ears.
And, ugh, the nasty soap suds that trickle in her eyes—
"Oh, Emma Bark, I'm clean enough!" the baby kitten cries.
"Well, that you're not," says Emma Bark. "Now, Naughty,
don't you scratch!
Why, goodness me, them ears are like a small potato patch!"

Now, here the Furies are at school. I'm sure you're very glad
To know that Kittens have to learn to spell, subtract and add.
"Attention!" snaps Dame Patty Paws. "Don't gaze outside
the door!
Please spell me Cat, and Dog, and Rat. And what are two
and four?"
Er . . . um . . . groans Tim. "Um . . . er . . ." says Fan.
"Don't know!" mews Furry Fred.
I fear it's clear those Furry Cats are woolly in the head!



GET THAT EXECUTIVE FEELING FOR A NICKEL



1—The five-cent office affords a very comfortable swivel chair, French-type phone, fan, memo pad, and pencil. This one has amplification for the deaf.



2—A. C. Krause, New London ship broker, greets Mary French by name. They are old friends since Krause frequently uses the "executive phones" when in N. Y.

THERE are few enough things you can get for a nickel these days, but the telephone companies offer an office, secretarial service, and a local call for that sum.

For instance, in Rockefeller Center, Grand Central Terminal, and a couple of other busy Manhattan spots a man or woman with no more than the price of a coke can get service that would do justice to a 24-carat executive. The secretary is a specially-trained and attractive operator. She takes your number—and your nickel—refers you to one of the numbered booths, in which she turns on the light.

Your "office" is comfortable and has all the conveniences necessary for conducting your business. If your party is busy you leave your switchboard number. When you are called back the operator says smilingly, "For you in Booth 3, sir," and you feel like a bigshot.



3—As a buyer and seller of used ships, Mr. Krause makes many long-distance calls. With a syndicate he has sold a number of vessels to Britain.



4—The person he was calling was busy so he left his number and stepped out for a smoke. Miss French will tell him when his party finally calls back.



5—This de luxe telephone service is so popular that many transient customers drop in and spend the afternoon conducting their local business.

THEY BUILD BY NIGHT

Sparetime Craftsmen Make This Community Workshop Hum

IT ALL began when a couple of guys, a flier and an accountant, wanted to build things. They had neither the right place to work nor the tools needed—but they did something about it, and the tremendously successful Build-It-Yourself workshop was born.

Today scores of men and women, ranging from ministers and doctors to sailors and laborers, professional women and housewives, flock to the huge San Francisco loft Eddie Husted and Neal Jacobs converted into an amateur craftsmen's paradise.

Having plenty of space to start with, they installed \$5,000 worth of wood and metal working tools, bought on credit from impressed manufacturers; provided expert assistants and welcomed the world at an hourly fee.

Everything is made in the shop from round-the-world schooners to hobby horses, most of it useful, and produced with economy and pleasure.

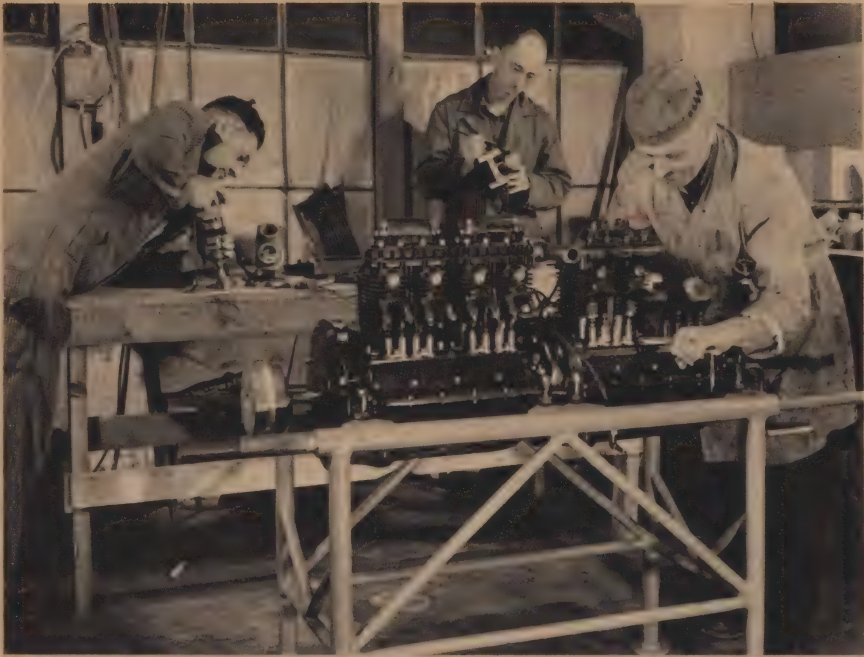
1—Two drug store employees work on a 40 ft. sea-going ketch. In two years they will have a \$3,000 craft for \$1,500.



2—Evening finds the workshop a busy place. The powered tools, of latest and safest design, are grouped in the center, near the well-equipped toolroom.



3—This dentist's drilling technique is improved by operating a power drill. He is building a motor boat which he intends to use on San Francisco Bay.



4—These men designed and are building a light-weight Diesel engine, a very advanced project.



5—This couple have occupied this space more than four months to build furniture for their home.



6—Betty and Bob met in the shop and decided to build a boat. Coaching is provided by Eddie Husted.



7—An electric meat saw, already patented by this refrigerator salesman, is here being perfected.



8—Seventy percent of the workshop is used to build all kinds of boats—from rowboats to trans-Pacific yachts. The oarlocks make this woman's job complete.



9—Shifty-legged hobby horses, such as are seen in nightclubs, are fun to build and fun to ride afterward—as this young couple is finding out.

TSK! TSK! MISS BARNES

ACCORDING to a recent news item, actress Binnie Barnes plans to start an injunction suit against Columbia Pictures if they refuse to delete what she calls an "undressed" scene in "This Thing Called Love." The scene in the picture shows Gloria Dickson tearing the clothes from Miss Barnes.

Binnie says she was tricked into appearing in this state of undress on the screen. After Miss Dickson had done her worst, Miss Barnes was left in an abbreviated pair of black undies. The whole scene, it appears, had originally been planned so that Miss Barnes would appear only as a silhouette, and both she and her bridegroom, ex-football star Mike Frankovich, were burned up.

As we go to press the whole thing's up in the air, but the joker in the deal, for us, is a set of pictures of Miss Barnes which we had in our files. They were snapped at regular performances of Noel Coward's group of one-act plays, "Tonight at 8:30"—presented at El Capitan Theater in Los Angeles.



1—Here's one of the moments in the scene in "This Thing Called Love" — to which Miss Barnes strenuously objects. Gloria Dickson, right, is still clawing away, but Binnie never gets any closer to appearing in the "altogether" than she is in this photo. Binnie wants this cut from the film.



2—Gallant Melvyn Douglas helps her into a wrap after the battle with Miss Dickson had been terminated. This demure pose was also frowned on by Binnie as being immodest.



3—Don't look now, but here's a shot of Binnie and Reginald Gardiner on the stage. That's Binnie taking off her pants.



4—In this satirical scene from "Tonight at 8:30," Binnie walked casually about the stage without so much as a blush.



5—Leaning fetchingly forward, Binnie waits with lively anticipation for Reggie's next remark. Binnie did this routine before a packed house nightly.



6—Miss Barnes is not really sore—just gagging—in this bit of business. "Tonight at 8:30" enjoyed quite a run, and Binnie didn't object once—even though all those people eyed her in this outfit night after night



7—Claude Allister, center, looks as though he might do a spot of objecting in this scene from the sketch "Red Peppers." But not our Binnie. That came a few months later.



HOMESPUN

Hank

GETS INTO STORE CLOTHES



1—Fonda makes a bad start when a waiter spills a tray of food on his tailcoat. He retires, flustered, and pulls down a portiere.

HENRY FONDA has been appearing in a large number of earthy and historical movies in which his costumes were unexciting—even crude. So he was very happy when he was cast as star of Paramount's "The Lady Eve." Fonda, who had come to be known among the better-dressed actors as "Homespun Hank" for his baggy appearance in "The Grapes of Wrath," "Jesse James," and "Chad Hanna," thought he was about to get a break.

"The Lady Eve" is a comedy in which Hank plays the role of a young millionaire. To portray with proper gloss the role of a rich youth he wears the following: full dress, dinner coat, white evening coat, cutaway, riding habit, silk pajamas, dressing gown, and eight sack suits. This was Heaven to Fonda after hundreds of reels in which he considered himself well-dressed if he was barely covered.

But his dream of becoming a smoothie and the heart-throb of a million lady fans was not to be realized. He wore the fine clothes all right but the script made him act like Harold Lloyd in his early performances. Hank believes that clothes make the man—and very often make him a sap.



2—Continuing his meal in a dinner coat, Henry plays the part of innocent bystander at a waiters' spat and catches an entire dish of entree in his lap.



3—Later on he tries to make love to Barbara Stanwyck, his co-star. In his third evening costume he does little better than he did in the first two.

4—Supper comes off no better. Miss Stanwyck trips the now-foggy hero, left.



5—Apparently no Fonda costume is to escape the fiendish waiters unscathed. The white coat gets it.

6—The well-dressed (?) Hank finally is forced to soggy flight in his pajamas.

PASTE POT PHOTOGRAPHY



MOVIE publicity photographs, such as a picture of Helen Holshotte riding a brook trout for release at the opening of the fishing season, are ingeniously manufactured. Studio still photographers, like harmless and amusing confidence men, make two or more pictures; enlarge or reduce the various prints to the desired size and paste them together. The reading public is fooled, but entertained. The movie promoters can get the picture used by newspapers and magazines because it's seasonal and everybody's happy.

1—Thanksgiving is coming so Maris Wrixon, Warner player, is posed playfully riding an unidentified man. It doesn't make much sense.



2—Next the photographers make a good, clear picture of a handsome turkey, with not a starlet in sight. But perhaps you are beginning to get the idea.



3—From the first photo the man is eliminated. Maris and background are then pasted over and around the bird. The reins have been redrawn.



4—Judy Canova, left, appearing in "Sis Hopkins," poses as a lady Santa in the studio under a blizzard of cornflakes and "driving" a cooperative member of SPOT'S Hollywood staff.



5—Judy examines the little St. Nick whom she will replace in that tiny sleigh on the table. She'll make it—they always do.



6—The photo of Miss Canova "driving" is cut out by an artist with the same care he shows snipping this picture. Judy is then ready to be taken for a thrill-less ride.



7—Miss Canova is pasted on an enlarged picture of the sleigh, both of which are pasted on the street photo. It's as easy as that.

"WON'T YOU STEP INTO MY BATHTUB?"

THE problem of getting rid of his heavy makeup and the filth of the "Tobacco Road" stage made Robert Rose a bathtub fan. Not that he hadn't been bathing right along—but the difficulty of removing the dirt and greasepaint after performing the role of Dude Lester converted him into a tub enthusiast. He found his dressing room shower inadequate and had a tub installed. Charmed by its efficiency and comfort, Bob decided to collect them. Now he is the leader of Bathtub Society and gives an annual party—very formal, indeed. SPOT takes you to the latest of these shindigs.



1—Robert Rose, in tub left, pours a drink for a guest. "Tub" etiquette does not require that he rise while serving.

2—The Society initiation includes placing the candidate in the tub, climbing into yours and kissing her.

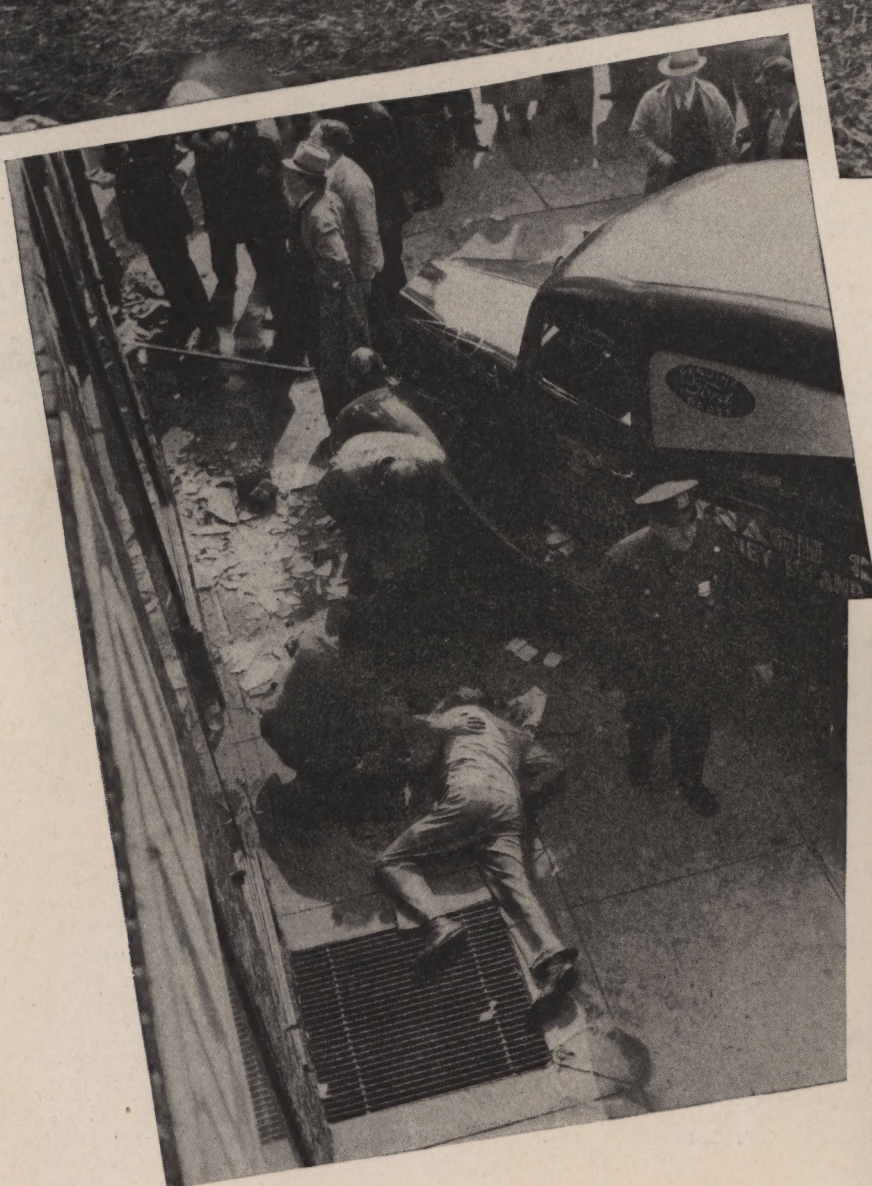


3—Enjoying the buffet à la bath this girl found the pastry was gone and nothing left but cookies. Behind her Bob drinks a tubfull.

4—The tubs with shower curtains, below right, were the favorite and much-frequented spots—for such tender and romantic scenes as this.



THE WAR ON THESE SHORES



THESE pictures are a better and stronger editorial than pen can write. Driving is fun; as a means of amusement it ranks with the movies. To skim along in a smoothly purring automobile gives one a feeling of pleasure and power. But driving has been perverted—has become a violent curse, wreaking its awful havoc on a complacent people who see death all about them and do little about it.

These pictures are horrible—and they are wonderful. Horrible because they show the smashed, bloody results of bad driving. But after looking at them you may drive more safely and lives will be saved. That is why SPOT prints them and will continue to print them.



Last Chance To Enter BIG PRIZE CONTEST!



This beautiful Taylorcraft Trainer, worth \$1,500, will be given away free!

LAST CALL!

This is your final opportunity to enter the great MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED contest in which a beautiful Taylorcraft airplane and a hundred other valuable prizes will be given away free.

The April issue of MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED (pictured at right) gives you all the details of this amazing contest which anyone can enter and in which anyone can win. This is the last issue through which you can enter the contest. Go to your nearest newsstand and get a copy of the magazine for only 10 cents.

You don't have to be mechanically minded to enter, and there are no essays to write. The contest involves only a simple game that anyone can play.

First prize is the superb \$1,500 Taylorcraft Trainer shown above. This beautiful plane, one of the easiest and safest to fly, will be given away absolutely free.

Second prize is a Junior Scout model Indian motorcycle. Everyone knows the name Indian, and everyone will want to get this splendid machine. Remember—it's free!

Third prize is a marvelous Atlas lathe worth \$125. With this prize some lucky winner will also receive \$100 worth of equipment suitable for wood or metal turning.

Boats, guns, cameras, shop tools, sporting goods are among the other prizes. (See list below.)

Get your copy of April MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED. Only 10 cents at all newsstands!



PARTIAL LIST OF PRIZES IN "MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED" CONTEST

Taylorcraft Plane
Wilson Sporting Goods-Don Budge
Tennis Racquet
J. B. Williams Roto-Shaver
S. L. Allen-Flexible Flyer Skis
Foldex Camera Tripod
Hein-Warner Hydraulic Jack
Utica Duxbak Hunting Coat
Kirsten Pipe
Kirsten Cigarette Holder
Foredom De Luxe Workshop Tool Set
Iver Johnson Target Pistol
Boyce-Meier Sextant
Axel Rainsuiter (oilskin suit for sports)
Kaywoodie Pipe (for outdoors)
Skilsaw "Zephyrplane" Junior Sander

Motorola Bicycle Radio
Remington Electric Razor
A. C. Gilbert Locomotive & Tender
Kit
Solar Enlarger
G-M Standard Exposure Meter
Hull Automobile Compass
Hull Outdoor Compass
Mossberg Targo Skeet Shooting Outfit
Pfeuger Supreme Fishing Reel
MCM Photometer
General Electric Three-Beater Mixer
Penn Yan Car Top Boat
Westfield Mfg. Columbia Bicycle
Murray Ohio Mercury Bicycle
RCA Victor Personal Radio

Gruen Marquis Watch
Wilcox, Crittenden Compass
Benjamin Air Rifle
Deagan Marimba
Brownie Junior Model Motor
Moto Tool Kit
Moto Saw
GHQ Model Gas Engines (five of them!)
K-D Adverse Weather (Fog) Lamp
Atlas Lathe
Briggs & Stratton Boat Engine
Hallcrafters All-Wave Marine Radio
Polaroid Day Glasses
Ranger Model Evinrude Outboard Motor

Stanley Tool Chest
Bausch & Lomb Microscope
Comet Sailplane Kit
Kalart Flash Gun (two of them!)
DeJur-Amasco Exposure Meter
Mead Glider Ki-Yak
Fisher Junior Model Radio Direction Finder
Federal Enlarger
Allied Radio Receiver
Ronson Table Lighter
Sheaffer Pen & Pencil Ensemble
Weed Tire Chains
De Luxe Model Handee Workshop Tool

Marlin Shotgun
Midwest Radio Receiver
Blackhawk Midget Socket Wrenches
Casco Electri-Craft Set
Daisy Air Rifle
General Electric Exposure Meter
Kumfy Products Handiweld Electric Arc Welder
Zenith Radio Portable
Boice Crane Co. Jig Saw
Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co. Handee Ultra De Luxe
Delta Mfg. Co. Scroll Saw
Alaska Sleeping Bag
And Many Others